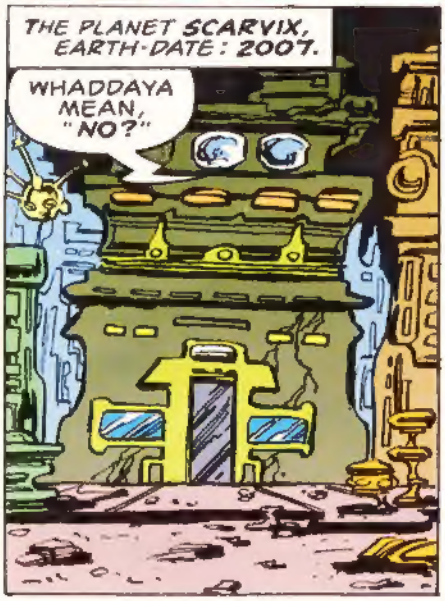
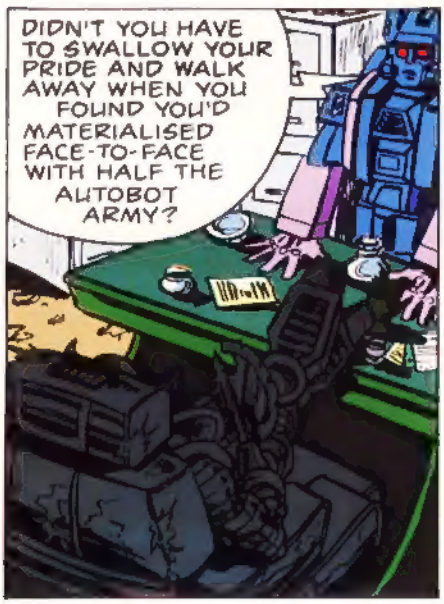
MARVEL
3rd Oct. 87
№ 133 32p
U.S. $1.25 CAN. $1.75
THE TRANSFORMERS™
WARNED YOU, YES?
SIBBONS

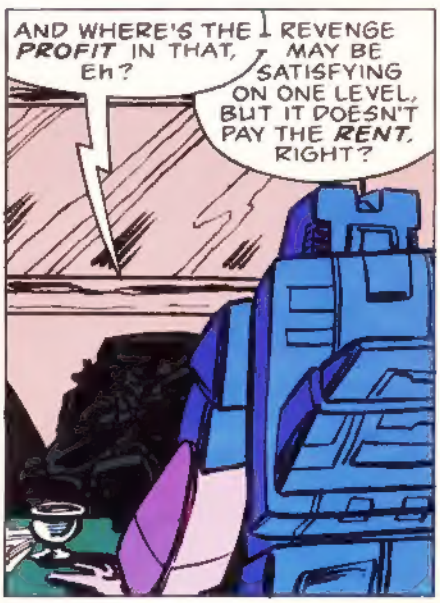

THE PLANET SCARVIX, EARTH-DATE: 2007.
WHADDAYA MEAN, "NO?"

I'DA THOUGHT YOU'D JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO GET YOUR OWN BACK ON THE AUTOBOT LEADER, RODIMUS PRIME!

DIDN'T HE CHEAT YOU OUT OF THE REWARD MONEY HE PUT ON GALVATRON'S HEAD - FORCIBLY RETURNING YOU TO THIS TIME BEFORE YOU COULD COMPLETE THE CONTRACT?

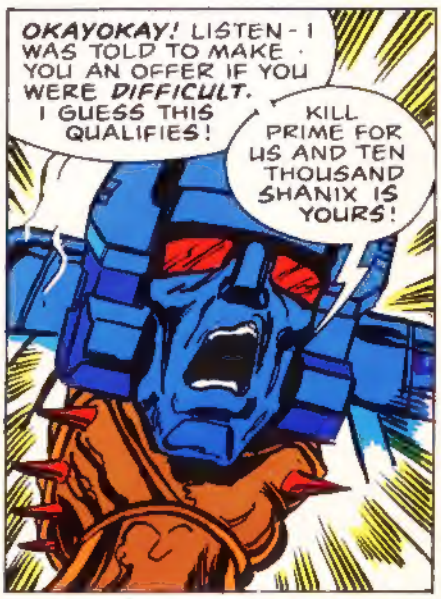

DIDN'T YOU HAVE TO SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE AND WALK AWAY WHEN YOU FOUND YOU'D MATERIALISED FACE-TO-FACE WITH HALF THE AUTOBOT ARMY?

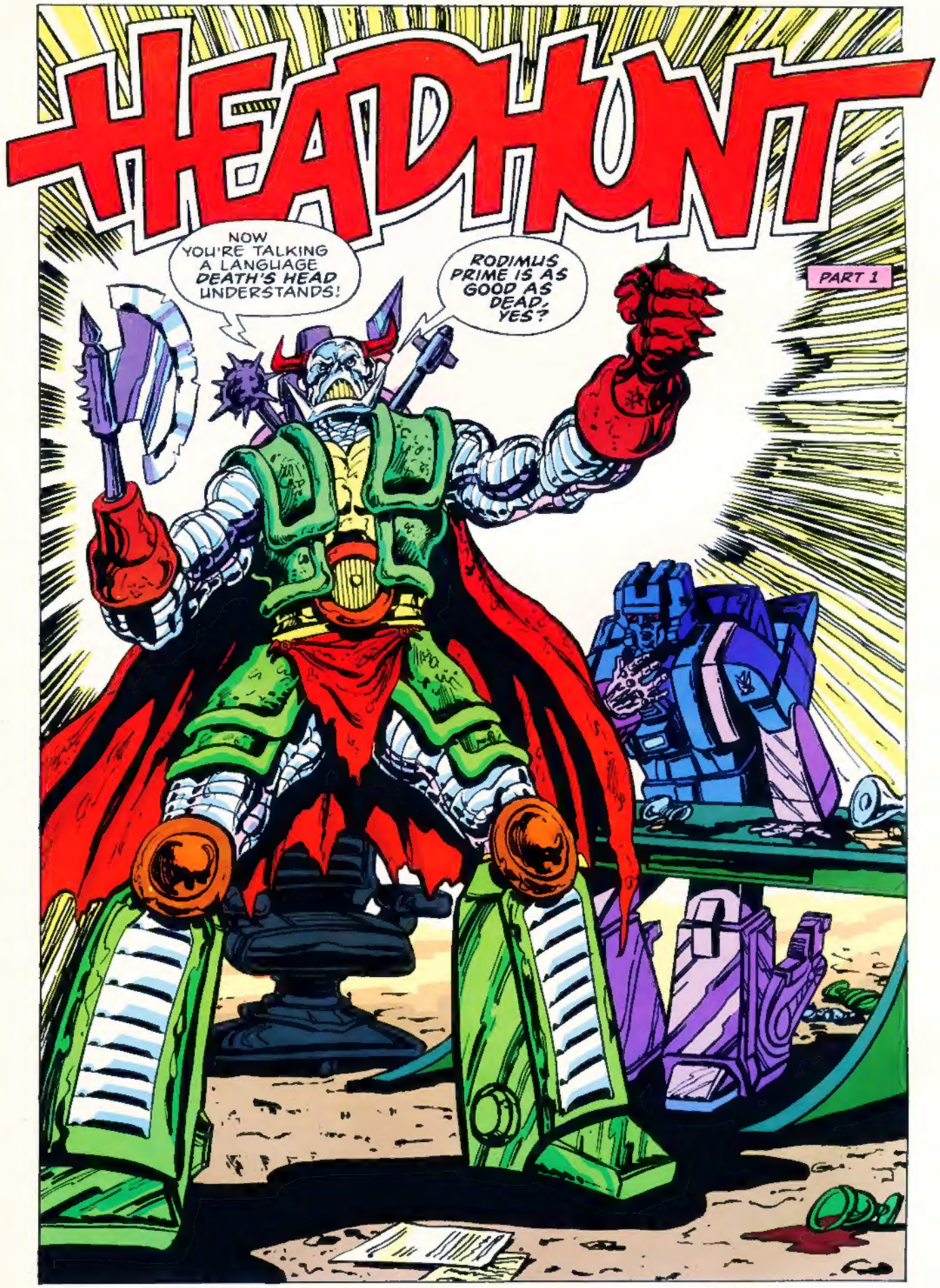
WE DECEPTICONS OFFER YOU SAFE PASSAGE TO CYBERTRON, DETAILED INFORMATION ON PRIME'S MOVEMENTS. WE OFFER YOU REVENGE!


AND WHERE'S THE PROFIT IN THAT, Eh?
REVENGE MAY BE SATISFYING ON ONE LEVEL, BUT IT DOESN'T PAY THE RENT, RIGHT?

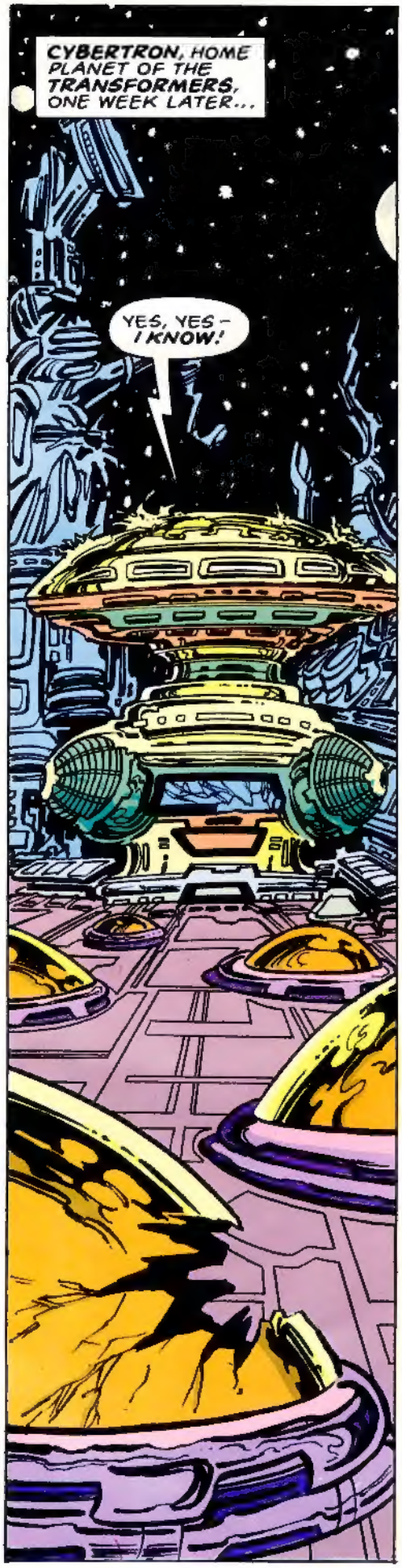
I'M A BUSINESSMAN, BLOT. MAKE ME AN OFFER AND WE'LL TALK, YES?
HA! I'D HEARD YOU MERCENARIES WERE A STUBBORN —

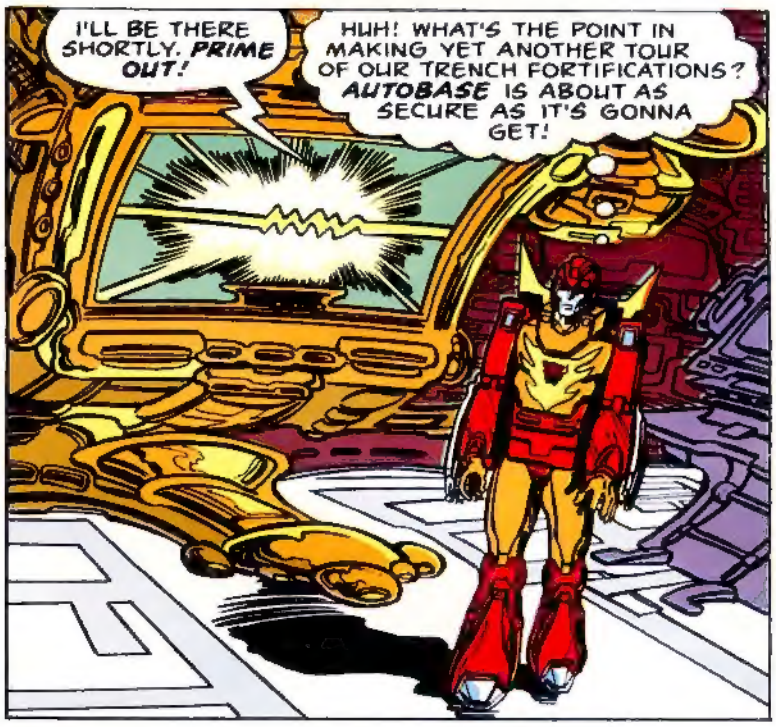
IF YOU WERE AS WELL-INFORMED AS YOU THOUGHT, YOU'D KNOW I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED A MERCENARY!
ACK!


OKAYOKAY! LISTEN - I WAS TOLD TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER IF YOU WERE DIFFICULT. I GUESS THIS QUALIFIES!
KILL PRIME FOR US AND TEN THOUSAND SHANIX IS YOURS!

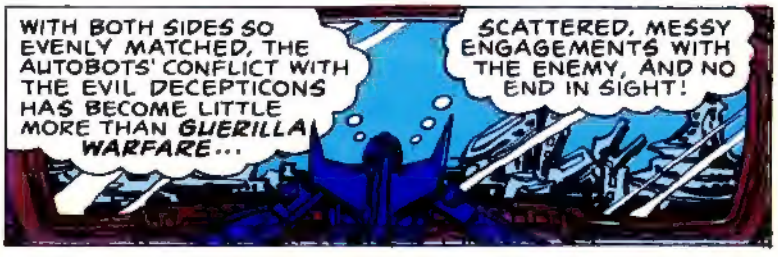


Script **SIMON FURMAN** ■ Art: **DAN REED** ■ Letters **STARKINGS** ■ Colour **STEVE WHITE**

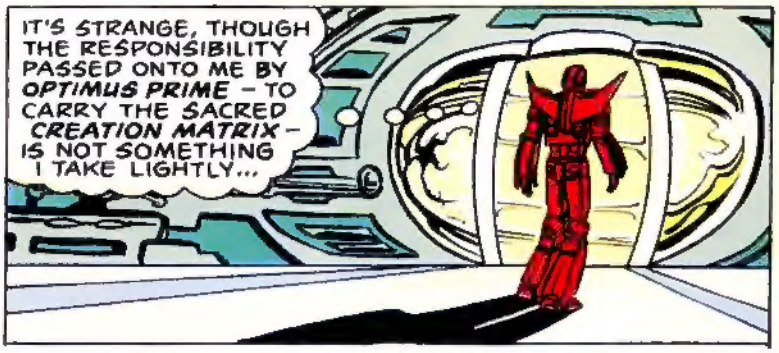

CYBERTRON, HOME PLANET OF THE TRANSFORMERS, ONE WEEK LATER...
YES, YES – I KNOW!

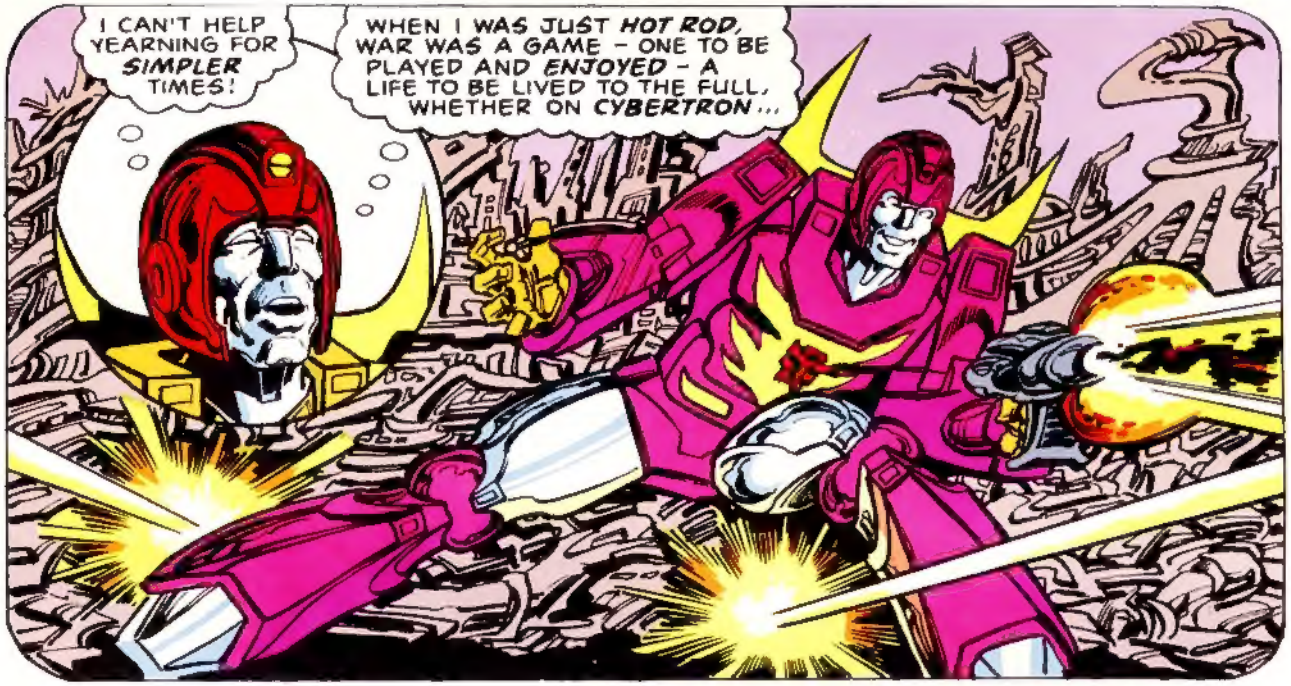

I'LL BE THERE SHORTLY. PRIME OUT!
HUH! WHAT'S THE POINT IN MAKING YET ANOTHER TOUR OF OUR TRENCH FORTIFICATIONS? AUTOBASE IS ABOUT AS SECURE AS IT'S GONNA GET!

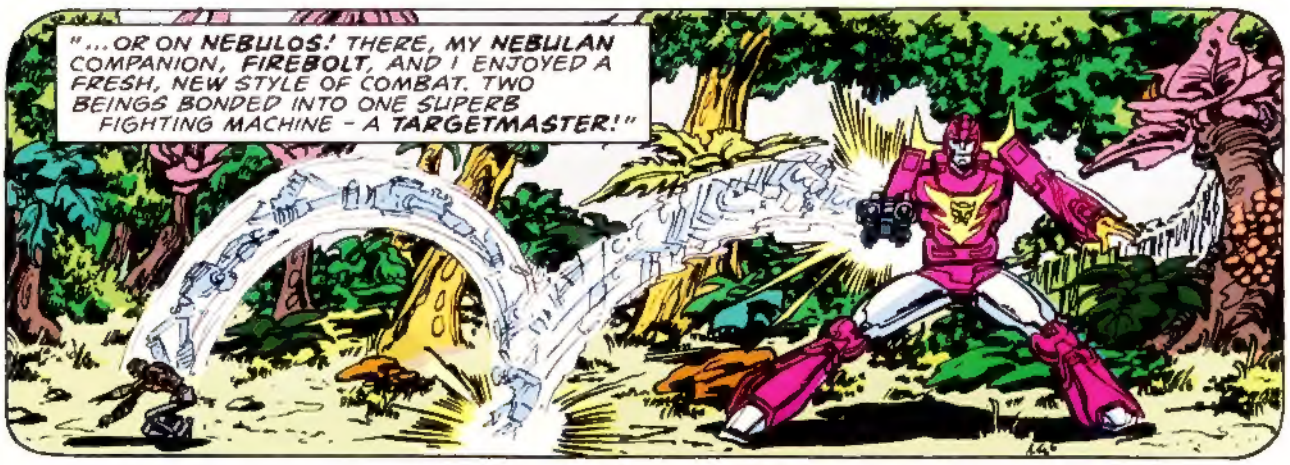
I SHOULD BE OUT THERE FIGHTING A WAR THAT'S DRAGGED ON FOR FAR TOO LONG AS IT IS!
THAT'S IF YOU CAN REALLY CALL IT A WAR ANY MORE!

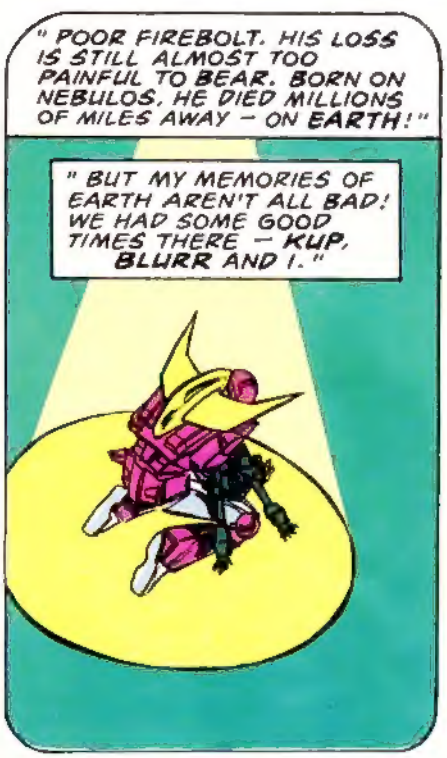

WITH BOTH SIDES SO EVENLY MATCHED, THE AUTOBOTS' CONFLICT WITH THE EVIL DECEPTICONS HAS BECOME LITTLE MORE THAN GUERILLA WARFARE...
SCATTERED, MESSY ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE ENEMY, AND NO END IN SIGHT!

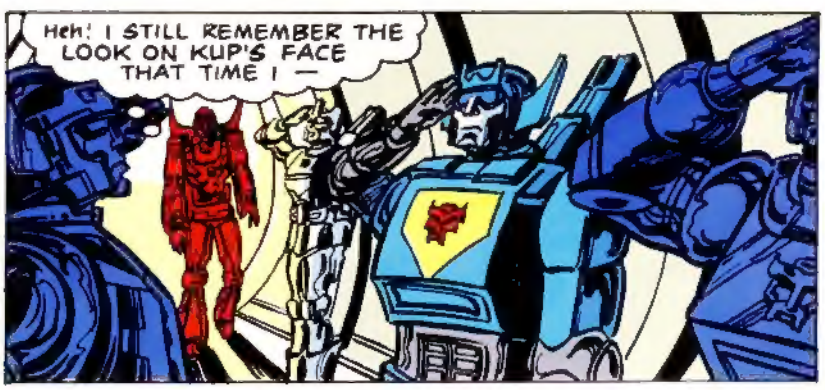
AT THIS RATE, THE WAR COULD DRAG ON FOR ANOTHER FOUR MILLION YEARS.
IF THIS STALEMATE DOESN'T END SOON, I SWEAR I'LL CRACK UP!


IT'S STRANGE, THOUGH THE RESPONSIBILITY PASSED ONTO ME BY OPTIMUS PRIME – TO CARRY THE SACRED CREATION MATRIX – IS NOT SOMETHING I TAKE LIGHTLY...

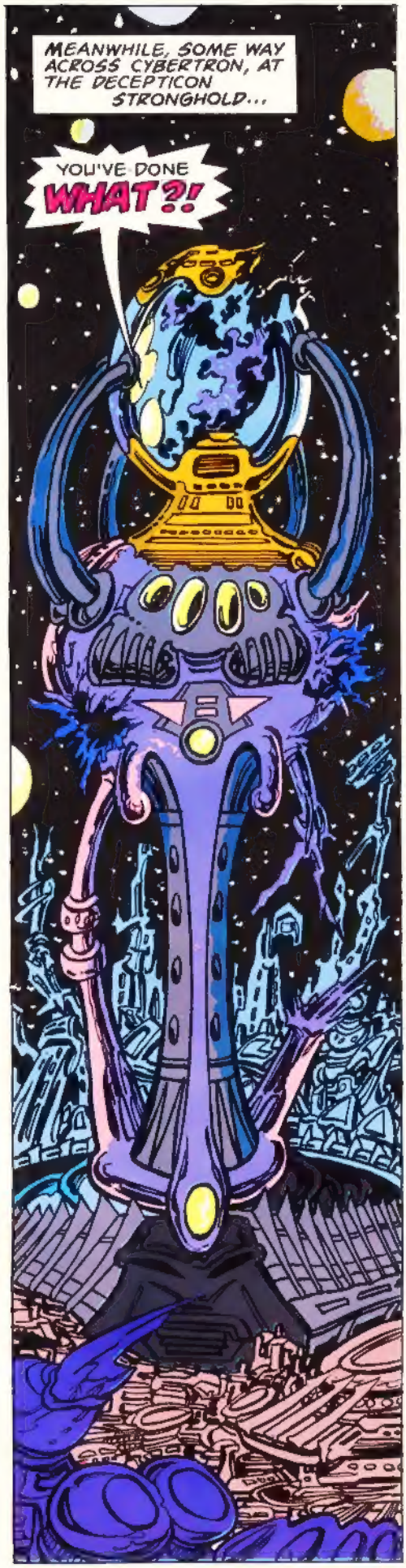

I CAN'T HELP YEARNING FOR SIMPLER TIMES!
WHEN I WAS JUST HOT ROD, WAR WAS A GAME – ONE TO BE PLAYED AND ENJOYED – A LIFE TO BE LIVED TO THE FULL, WHETHER ON CYBERTRON...

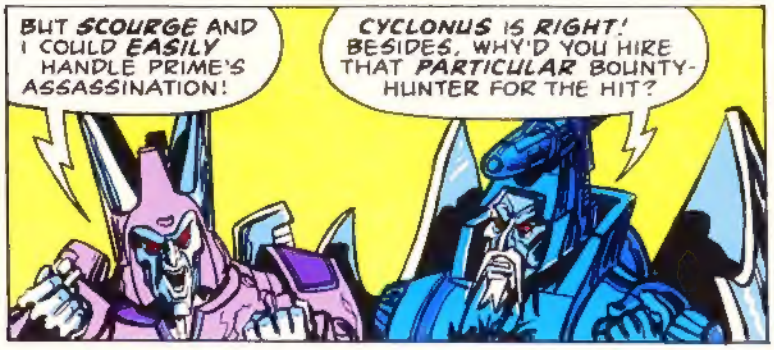

"...OR ON NEBULOS! THERE, MY NEBULAN COMPANION, FIREBOLT, AND I ENJOYED A FRESH, NEW STYLE OF COMBAT. TWO BEINGS BONDED INTO ONE SUPERB FIGHTING MACHINE – A TARGETMASTER!"


" POOR FIREBOLT. HIS LOSS IS STILL ALMOST TOO PAINFUL TO BEAR. BORN ON NEBULOS, HE DIED MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY – ON EARTH!"
" BUT MY MEMORIES OF EARTH AREN'T ALL BAD! WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES THERE – KUP, BLURR AND I."

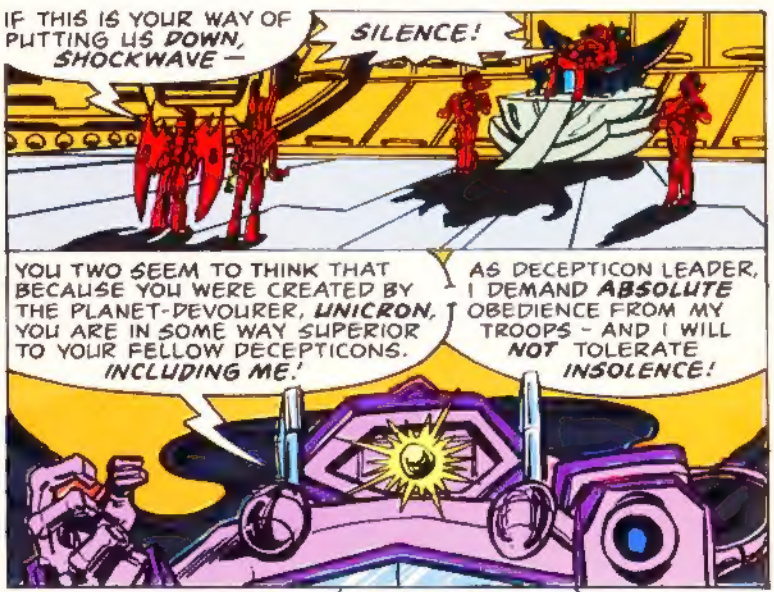

Heh! I STILL REMEMBER THE LOOK ON KUP'S FACE THAT TIME I —

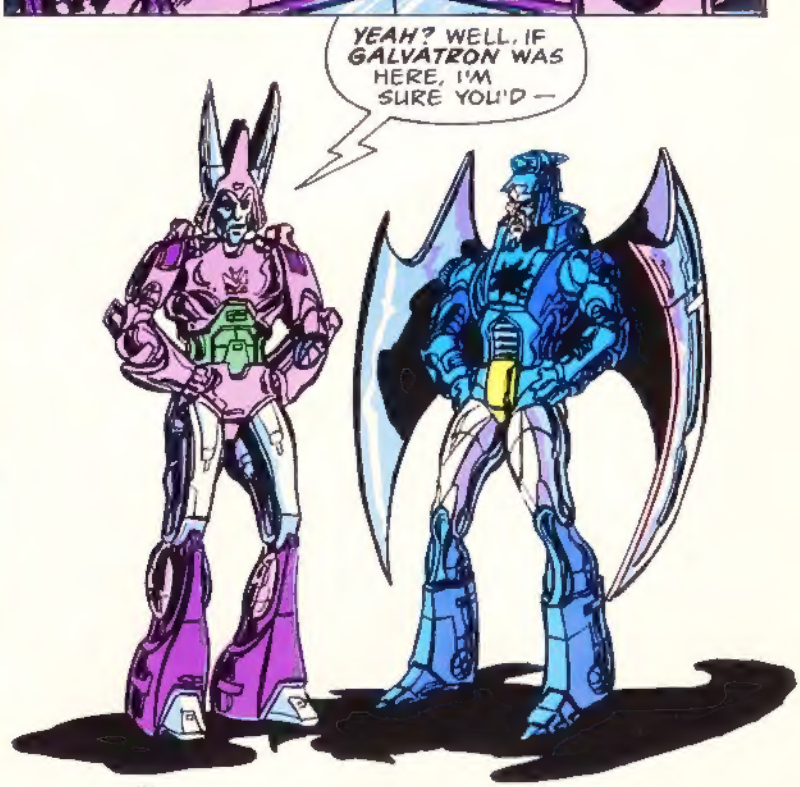
Hmm... YES. GOOD TIMES, BUT OLD TIMES NEVERTHELESS. TIME TO GET BACK TO THE PRESENT.
C'MON THEN! LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

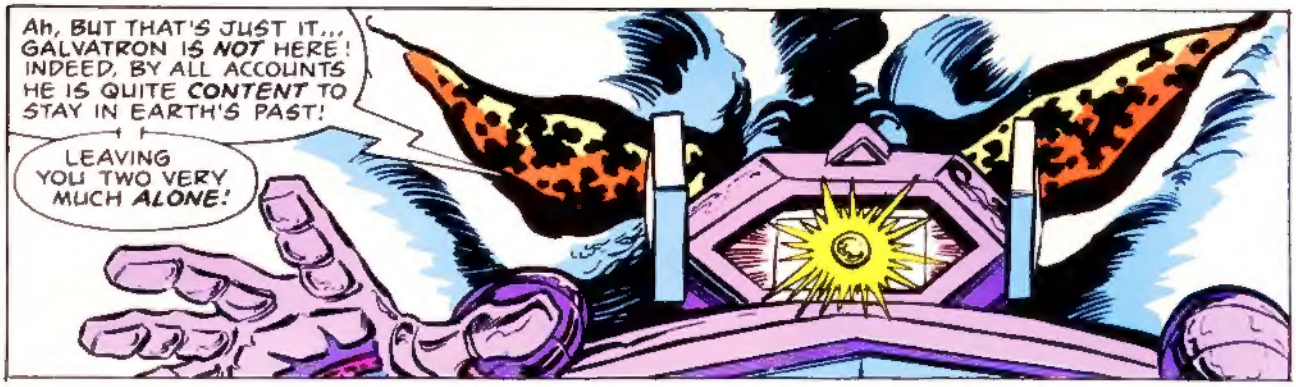

MEANWHILE, SOME WAY ACROSS CYBERTRON, AT THE DECEPTICON STRONGHOLD...
YOU'VE DONE WHAT?!

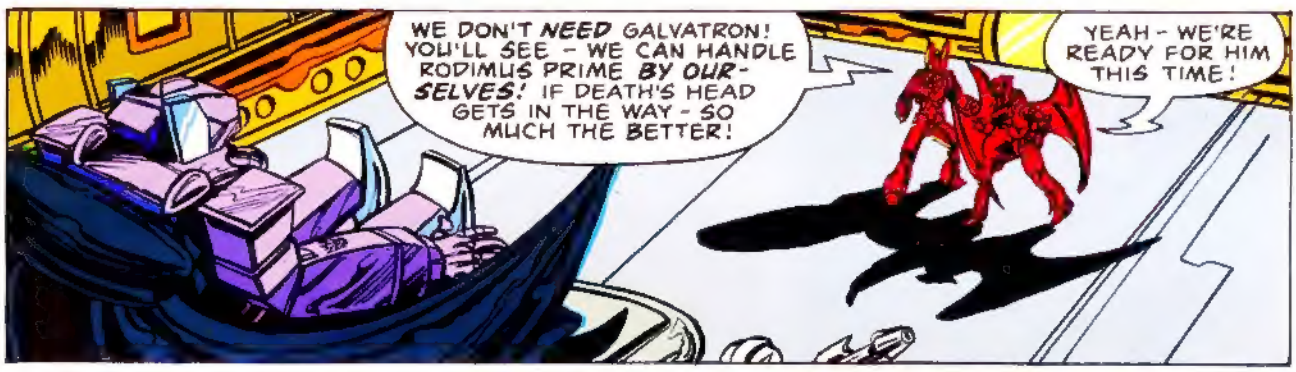

BUT SCOURGE AND I COULD EASILY HANDLE PRIME'S ASSASSINATION!
CYCLONUS IS RIGHT! BESIDES, WHY'D YOU HIRE THAT PARTICULAR BOUNTY-HUNTER FOR THE HIT?

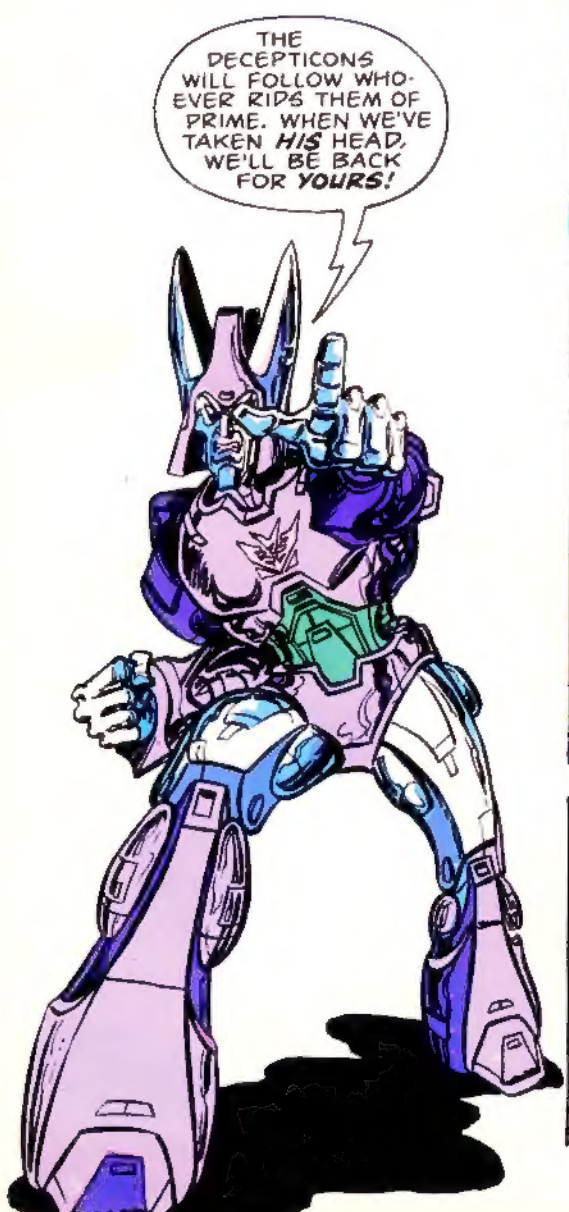
YOU KNOW FULL WELL DEATH'S HEAD ONCE BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF US*. I'VE STILL GOT THE SCARS TO PROVE IT!
* ISSUE 113.

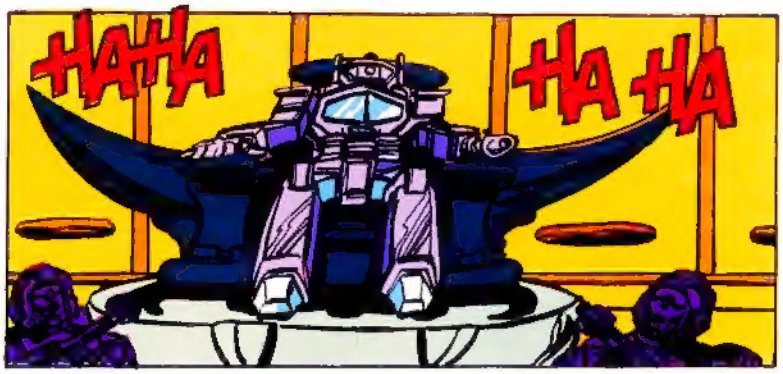

IF THIS IS YOUR WAY OF PUTTING US DOWN, SHOCKWAVE —
SILENCE!
YOU TWO SEEM TO THINK THAT BECAUSE YOU WERE CREATED BY THE PLANET-DEVOURER, UNICRON, YOU ARE IN SOME WAY SUPERIOR TO YOUR FELLOW DECEPTICONS. INCLUDING ME!
AS DECEPTICON LEADER, I DEMAND ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE FROM MY TROOPS - AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE INSOLENCE!

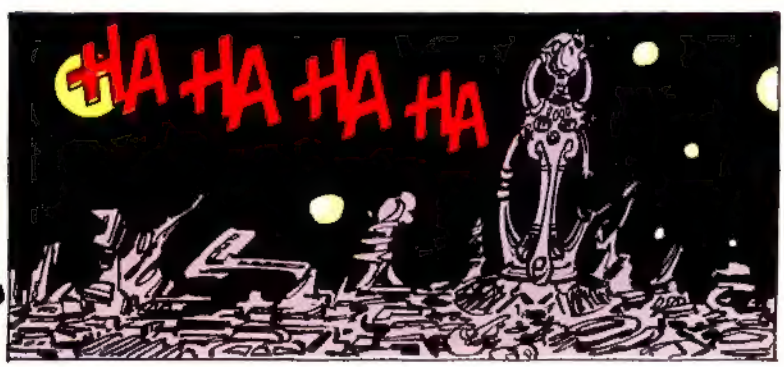

YEAH? WELL, IF GALVATRON WAS HERE, I'M SURE YOU'D —

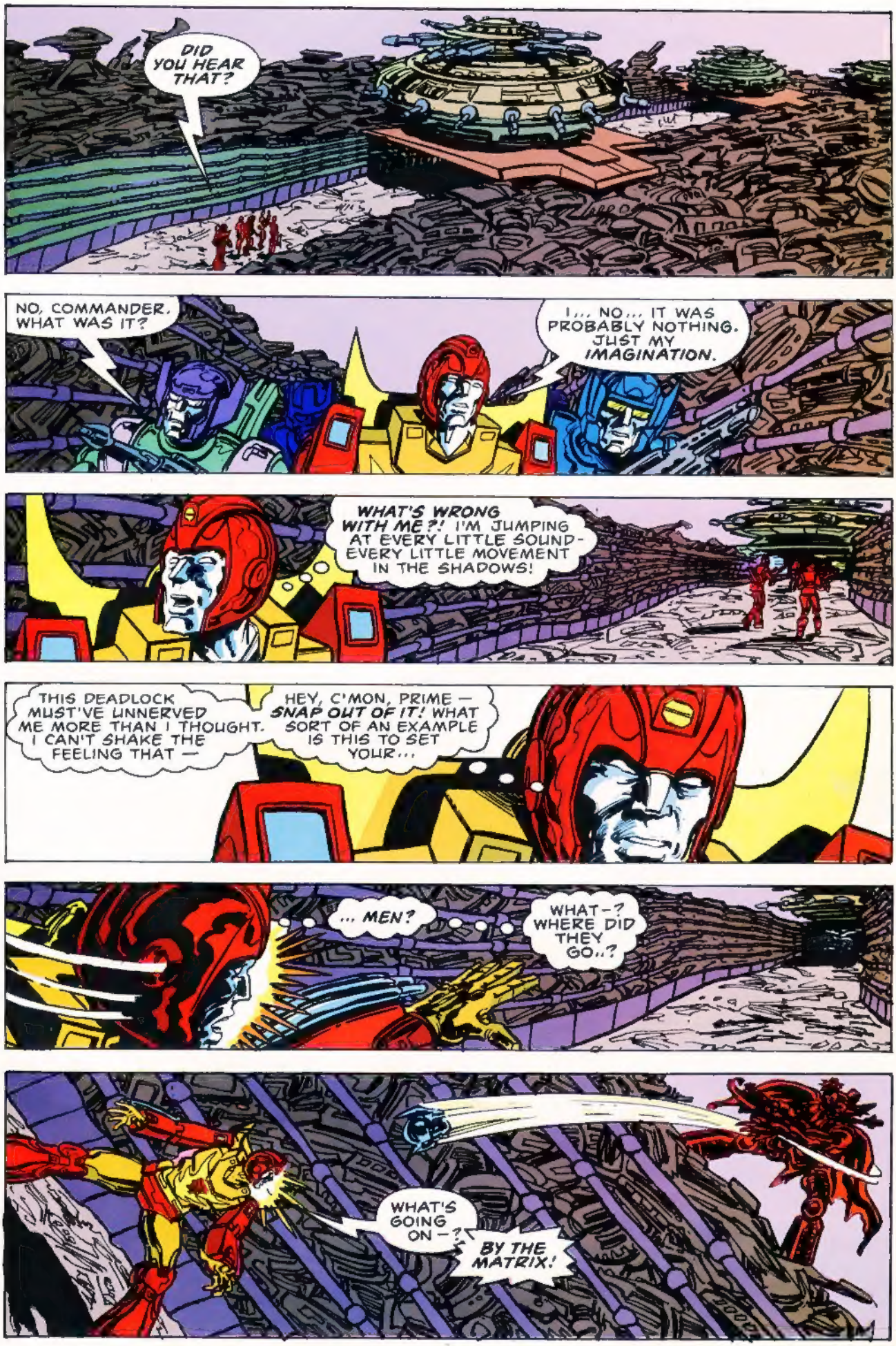

Ah, BUT THAT'S JUST IT... GALVATRON IS *NOT* HERE! INDEED, BY ALL ACCOUNTS HE IS QUITE *CONTENT* TO STAY IN EARTH'S PAST!
LEAVING YOU TWO VERY MUCH *ALONE!*


WE DON'T *NEED* GALVATRON! YOU'LL SEE - WE CAN HANDLE RODIMUS PRIME *BY OUR-SELVES!* IF DEATH'S HEAD GETS IN THE WAY - SO MUCH THE BETTER!
YEAH - WE'RE READY FOR HIM THIS TIME!

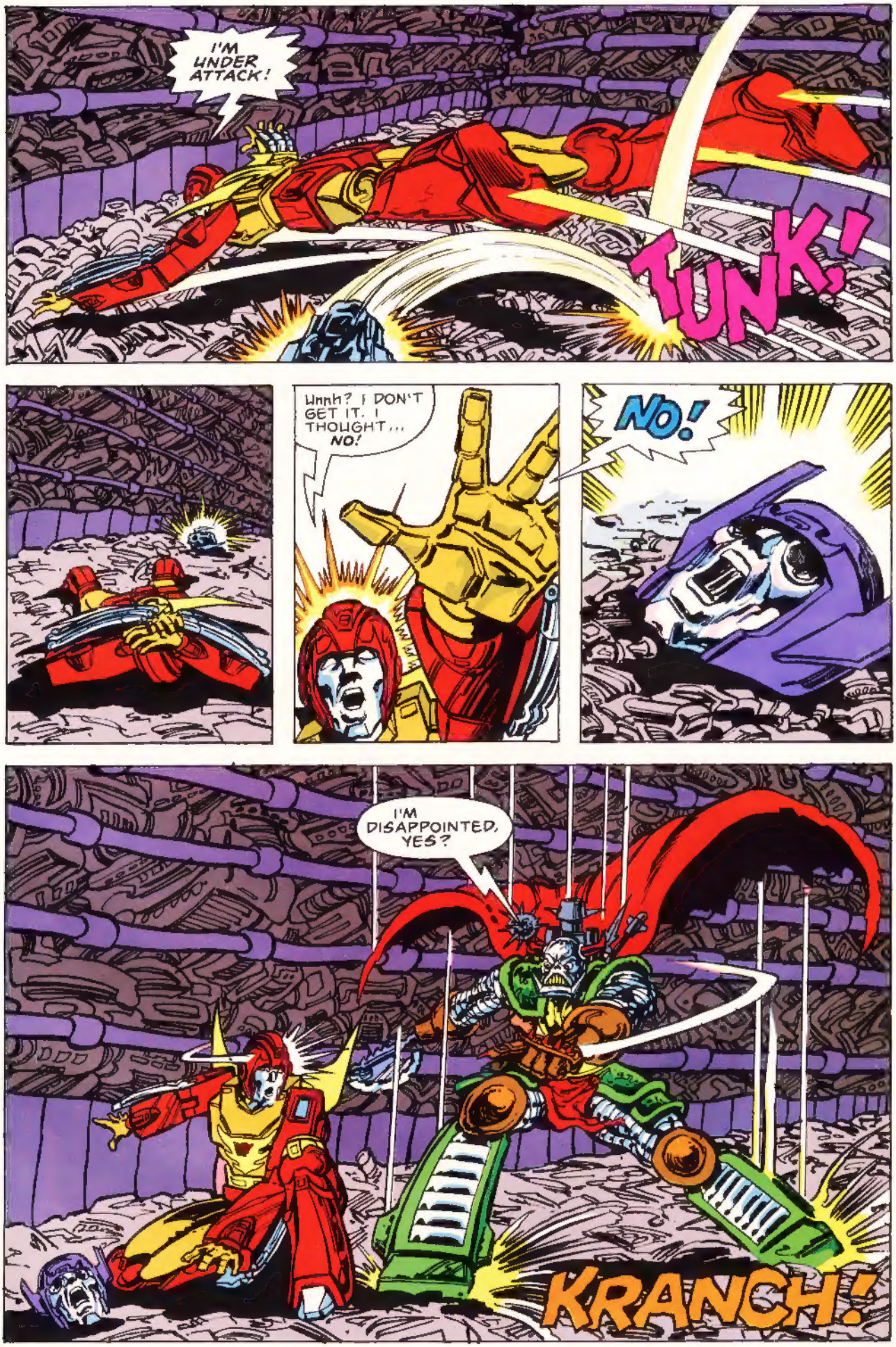

THE DECEPTICONS WILL FOLLOW WHO-EVER RIDS THEM OF PRIME. WHEN WE'VE TAKEN *HIS* HEAD, WE'LL BE BACK FOR *YOURS!*


HA HA
HA HA

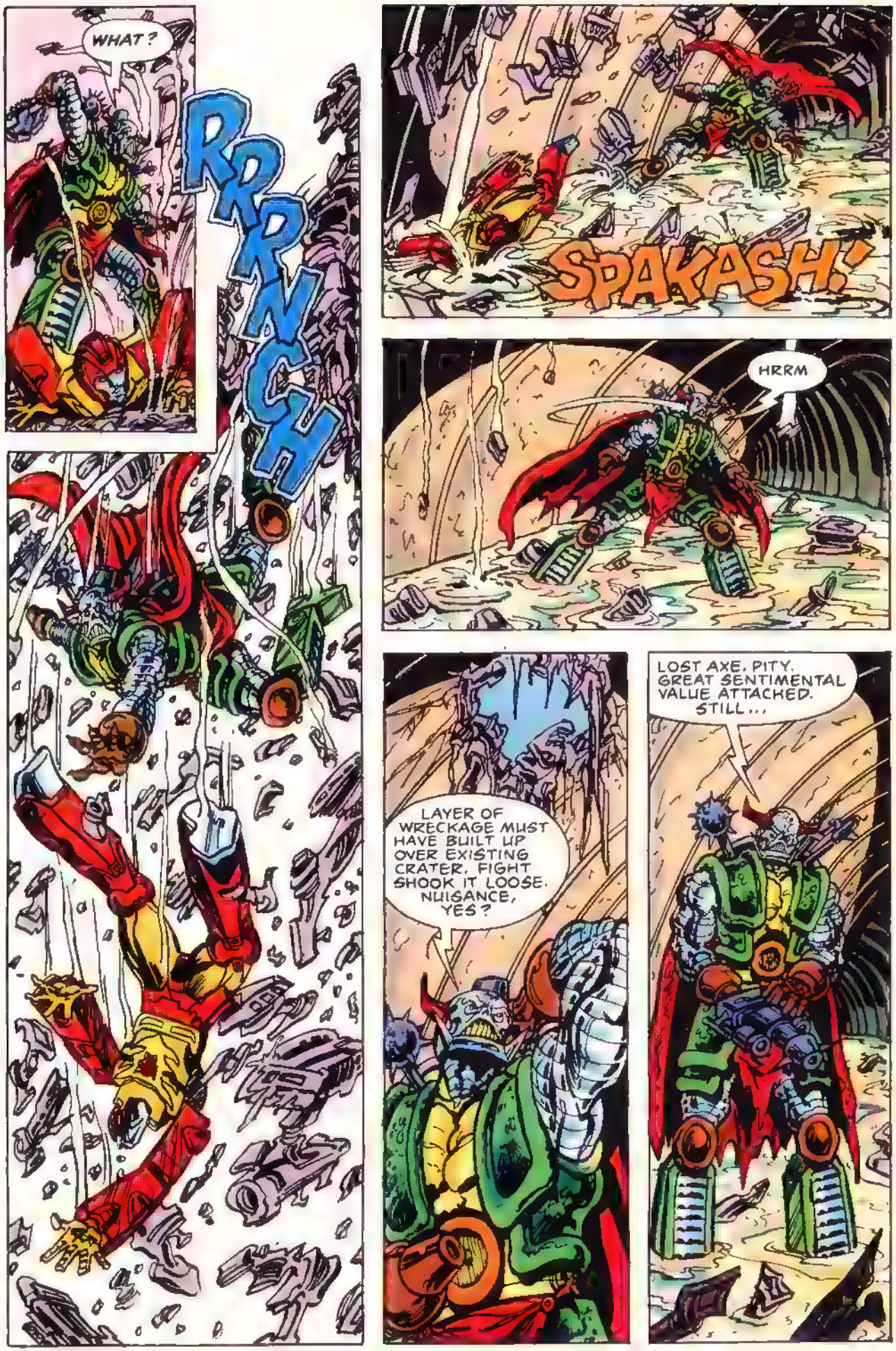

HA HA HA HA


DID YOU HEAR THAT?
NO, COMMANDER. WHAT WAS IT?
I... NO... IT WAS PROBABLY NOTHING. JUST MY IMAGINATION.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?! I'M JUMPING AT EVERY LITTLE SOUND- EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS!
THIS DEADLOCK MUST'VE UNNERVED ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT. I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT —
HEY, C'MON, PRIME — SNAP OUT OF IT! WHAT SORT OF AN EXAMPLE IS THIS TO SET YOUR...
... MEN?
WHAT—? WHERE DID THEY GO..?
WHAT'S GOING ON—?
BY THE MATRIX!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE


I'M UNDER ATTACK!
TUNK!
Unnh? I DON'T GET IT. I THOUGHT... NO!
NO!
I'M DISAPPOINTED, YES?
KRANCH!

WUNCH!
HOPED YOU'D BE A MORE ELUSIVE PREY.
BUT NO. YOU SURROUND YOURSELF WITH WEAK, INEFFECTUAL WARRIORS. DESPATCHED IN NO TIME, THEY WERE!
THEN, LIKE SOME AMATEUR, YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE PANICKED. LEFT WIDE OPEN FOR ATTACK, YES?
KRAM!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRIME WHO ONCE BESTED THE MIGHTY GALVATRON. Eh?
NO ANSWER, HUH? LIKE I SAID – DISAPPOINTING.
WKT!
STILL A JOB'S A JOB! I'LL MAKE THIS AS SWIFT AS —
CHNKT

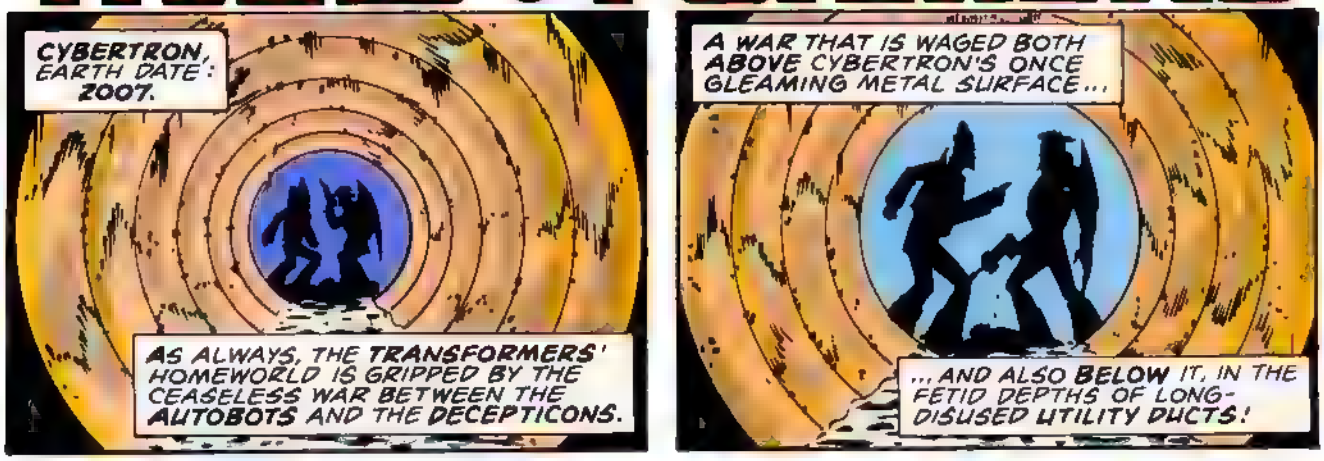

WHAT?
RRRNCH
SPAKASH!
HRRM
LAYER OF WRECKAGE MUST HAVE BUILT UP OVER EXISTING CRATER. FIGHT SHOOK IT LOOSE. NUISANCE, YES?
LOST AXE. PITY. GREAT SENTIMENTAL VALUE ATTACHED. STILL...

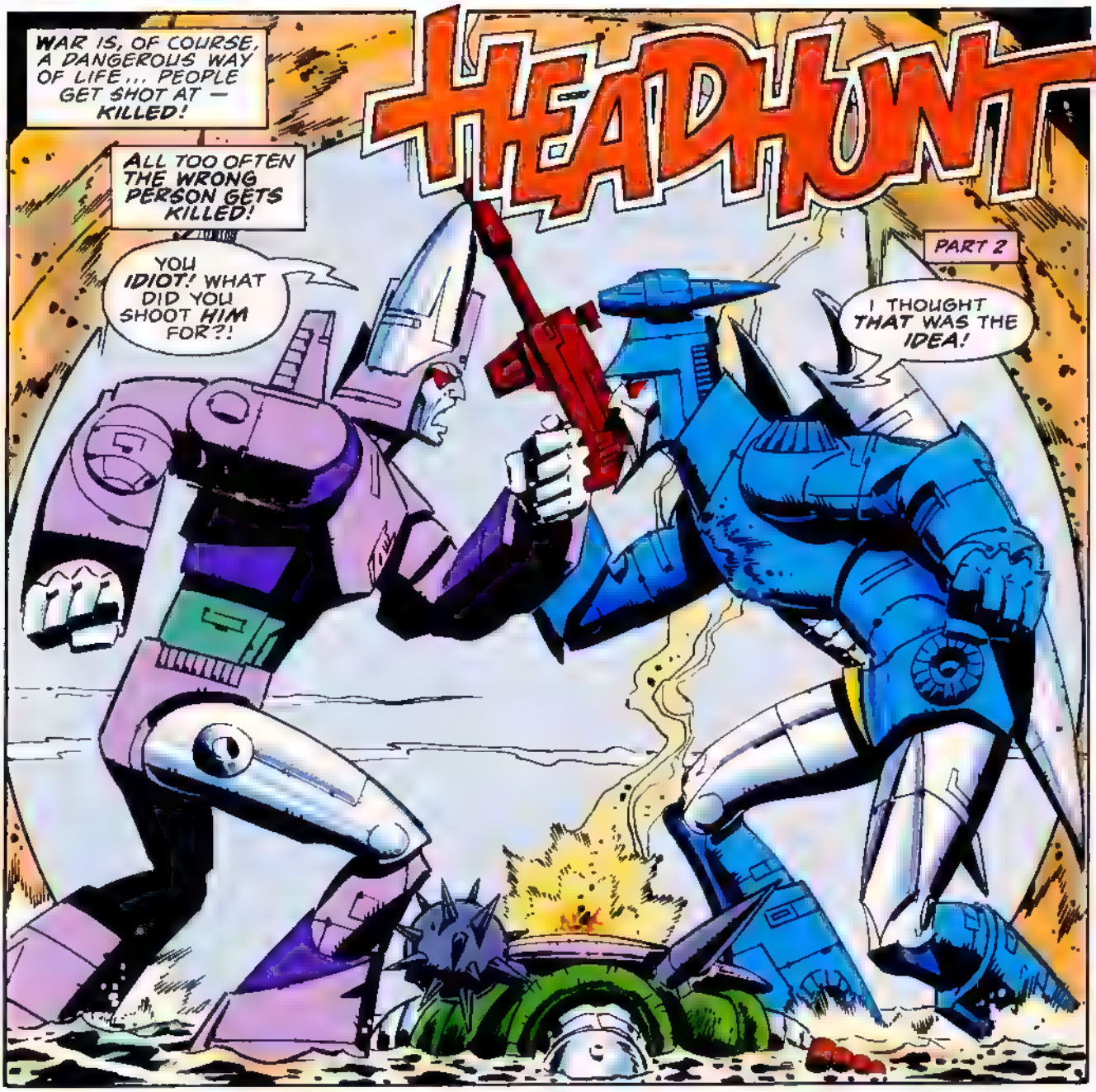
... PLENTY OF OTHER WEAPONS, YES? TITANIUM SHOTT BLASTER, FOR INSTANCE.
NO HARD FEELINGS, PRIME. FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...
... THIS IS JUST BUSINESS, YES?
A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO RODIMUS PRIME COULD NOT SEE AN END TO THE WAR THAT IS HIS LIFE..
RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT, HOWEVER, AN END...
... IS ALL HE CAN SEE!
CHAKOOM!

NEXT..?

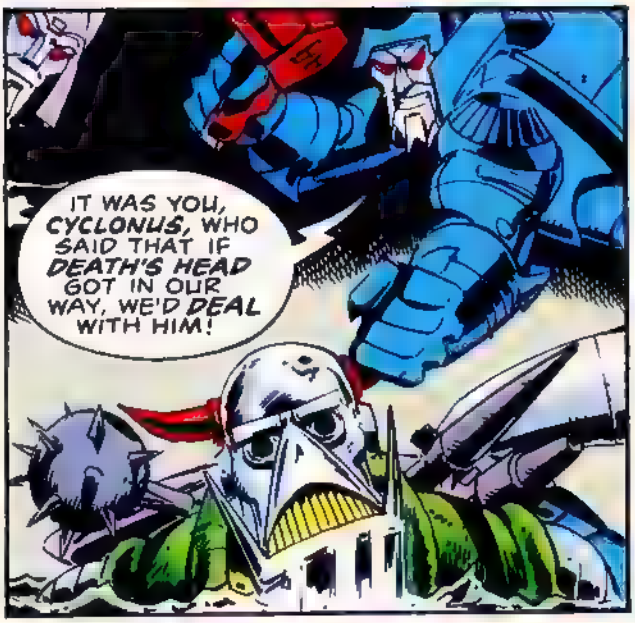
MARVEL
10th Oct. 87
No134 32p
U.S.$1.25 CAN.$1.75
THE TRANSFORMERS™
YOU'RE NEXT!

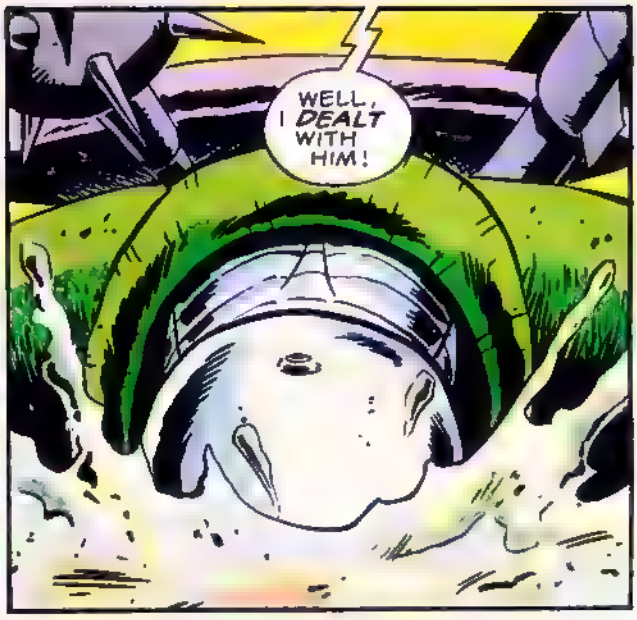
TRANSFORMERS™


CYBERTRON, EARTH DATE: 2007.
AS ALWAYS, THE TRANSFORMERS' HOMEWORLD IS GRIPPED BY THE CEASELESS WAR BETWEEN THE AUTOBOTS AND THE DECEPTICONS.
A WAR THAT IS WAGED BOTH ABOVE CYBERTRON'S ONCE GLEAMING METAL SURFACE...
...AND ALSO BELOW IT, IN THE FETID DEPTHS OF LONG-DISUSED UTILITY DUCTS!


WAR IS, OF COURSE, A DANGEROUS WAY OF LIFE... PEOPLE GET SHOT AT — KILLED!
ALL TOO OFTEN THE WRONG PERSON GETS KILLED!
HEADHUNT
PART 2
YOU IDIOT! WHAT DID YOU SHOOT HIM FOR?!
I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE IDEA!

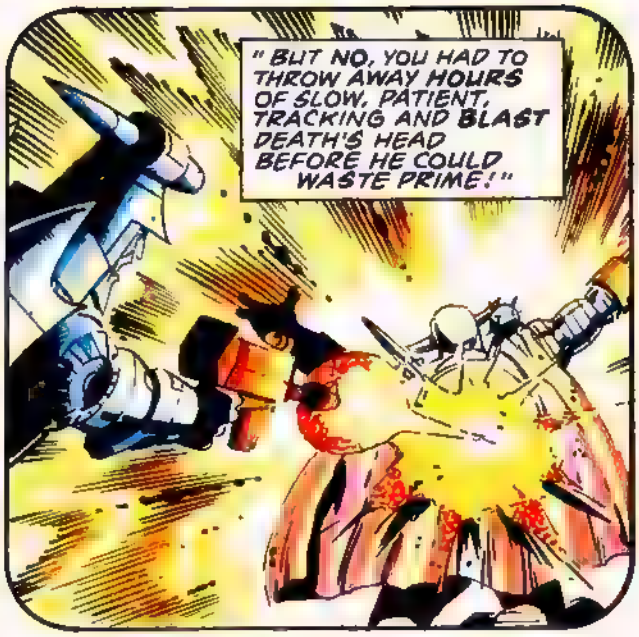
Script **SIMON FURMAN** ■ Art **GEOFF SENIOR** ■ Letters **STARKINGS** ■ Colour **STEVE WHITE**


IT WAS YOU, CYCLONUS, WHO SAID THAT IF DEATH'S HEAD GOT IN OUR WAY, WE'D DEAL WITH HIM!

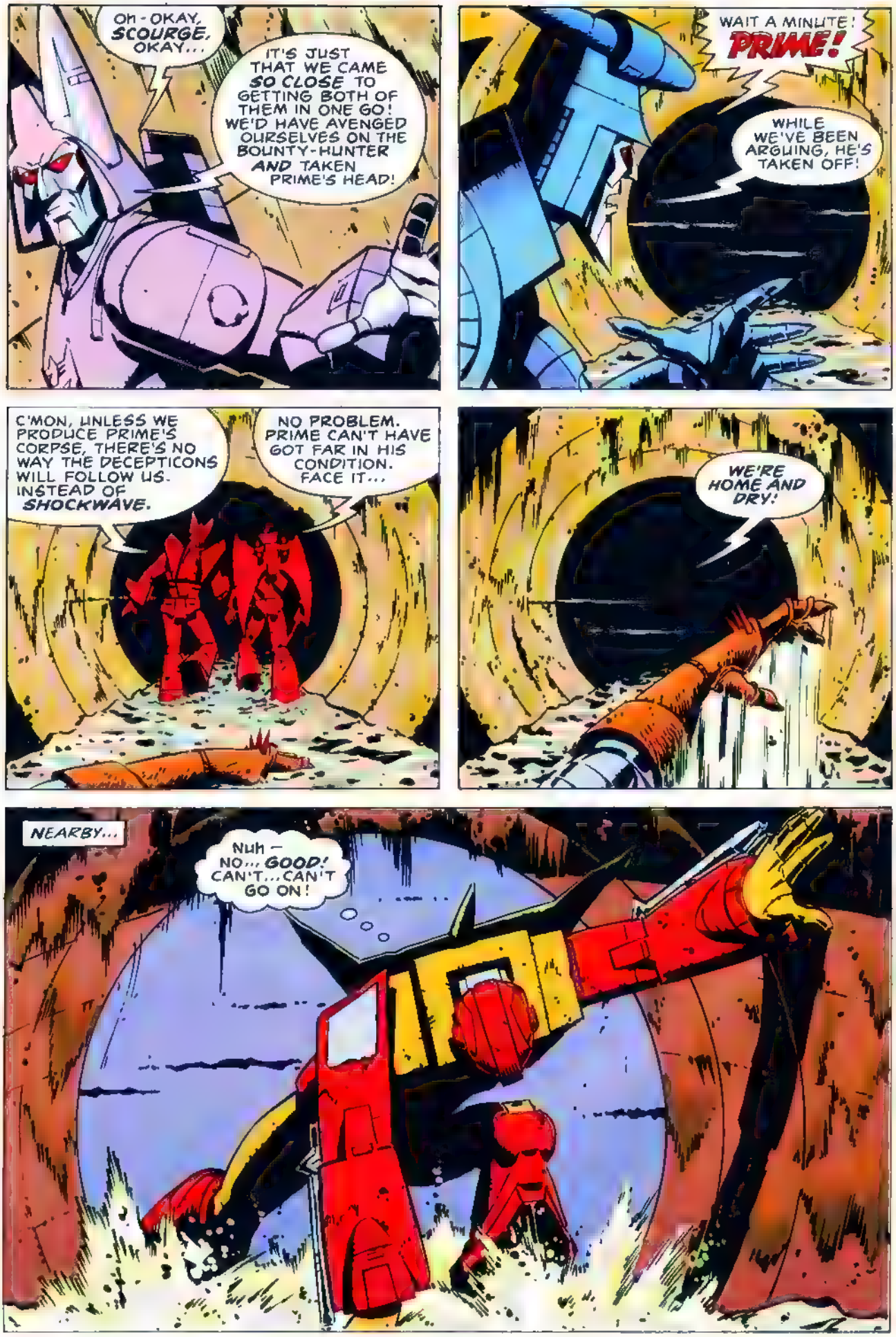

WELL, I DEALT WITH HIM!

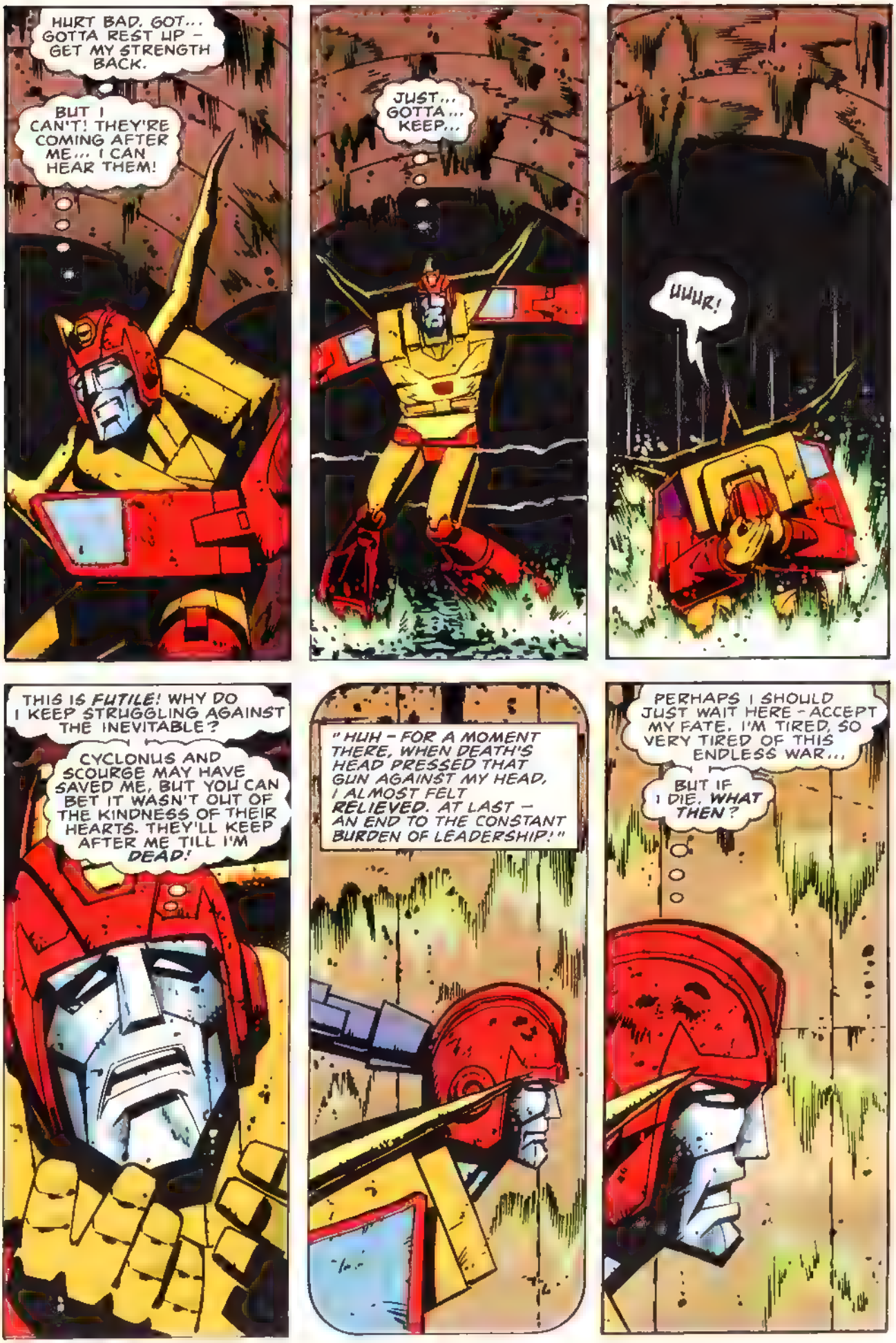
IMBECILE! IT'S NOT WHAT YOU DID, IT'S WHEN YOU DID IT!

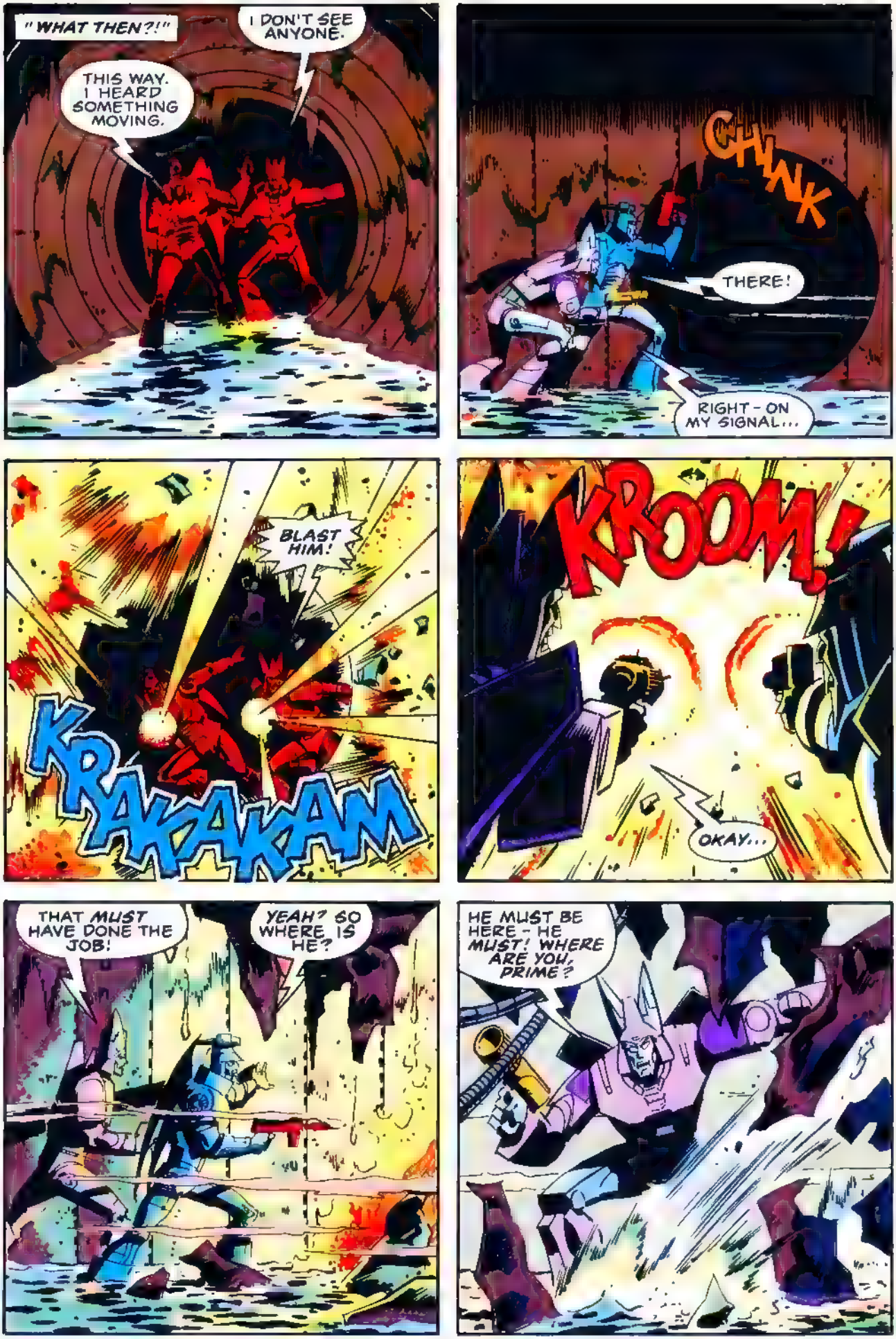
"THE AUTOBOT COMMANDER, RODIMUS PRIME HAD BEEN CRUSHED TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE BY THE BOUNTY-HUNTER!"
"IF YOU'D WAITED ANOTHER SECOND HE WOULD HAVE FINISHED THE JOB."


"BUT NO, YOU HAD TO THROW AWAY HOURS OF SLOW, PATIENT, TRACKING AND BLAST DEATH'S HEAD BEFORE HE COULD WASTE PRIME!"

LISTEN — YOU WEREN'T THE ONE DEATH'S HEAD ONCE BLEW A BIG HOLE IN. *
I OWED HIM AND NOW I'VE PAID HIM BACK!
OKAY?
* ISSUE 113.


OH - OKAY, SCOURGE, OKAY...
IT'S JUST THAT WE CAME SO CLOSE TO GETTING BOTH OF THEM IN ONE GO! WE'D HAVE AVENGED OURSELVES ON THE BOUNTY-HUNTER AND TAKEN PRIME'S HEAD!
WAIT A MINUTE! PRIME!
WHILE WE'VE BEEN ARGUING, HE'S TAKEN OFF!
C'MON, UNLESS WE PRODUCE PRIME'S CORPSE, THERE'S NO WAY THE DECEPTICONS WILL FOLLOW US. INSTEAD OF SHOCKWAVE.
NO PROBLEM. PRIME CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR IN HIS CONDITION. FACE IT...
WE'RE HOME AND DRY!
NEARBY...
NUH — NO... GOOD! CAN'T...CAN'T GO ON!

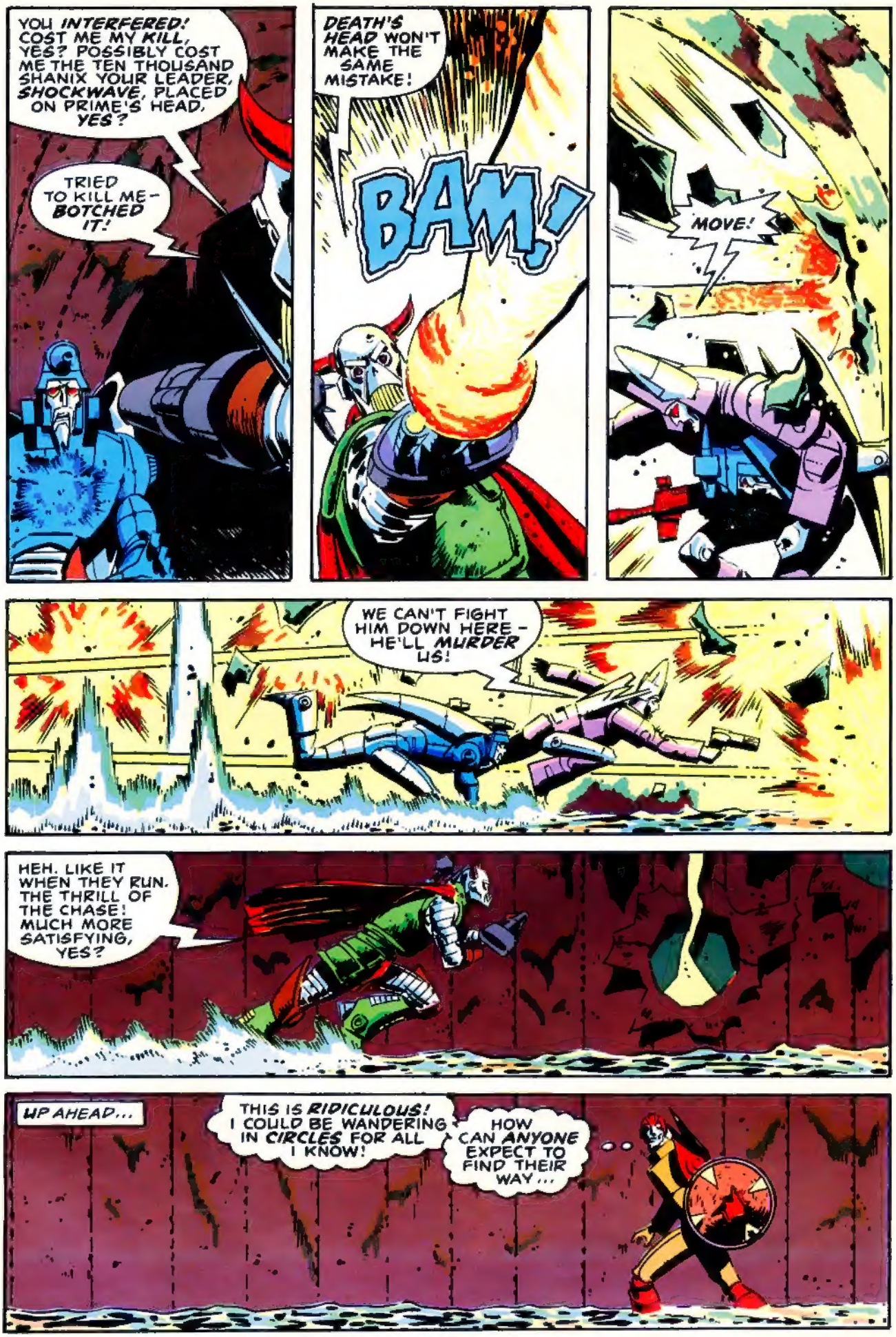

HURT BAD. GOT... GOTTA REST UP – GET MY STRENGTH BACK.
BUT I CAN'T! THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME... I CAN HEAR THEM!
JUST... GOTTA... KEEP...
UUUR!
THIS IS *FUTILE!* WHY DO I KEEP STRUGGLING AGAINST THE INEVITABLE?
CYCLONUS AND SCOURGE MAY HAVE SAVED ME, BUT YOU CAN BET IT WASN'T OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF THEIR HEARTS. THEY'LL KEEP AFTER ME TILL I'M *DEAD!*
*"HUH – FOR A MOMENT THERE, WHEN DEATH'S HEAD PRESSED THAT GUN AGAINST MY HEAD, I ALMOST FELT **RELIEVED**. AT LAST – AN END TO THE CONSTANT BURDEN OF LEADERSHIP!"*
PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST WAIT HERE – ACCEPT MY FATE. I'M TIRED, SO VERY TIRED OF THIS ENDLESS WAR...
BUT IF I DIE, *WHAT THEN?*

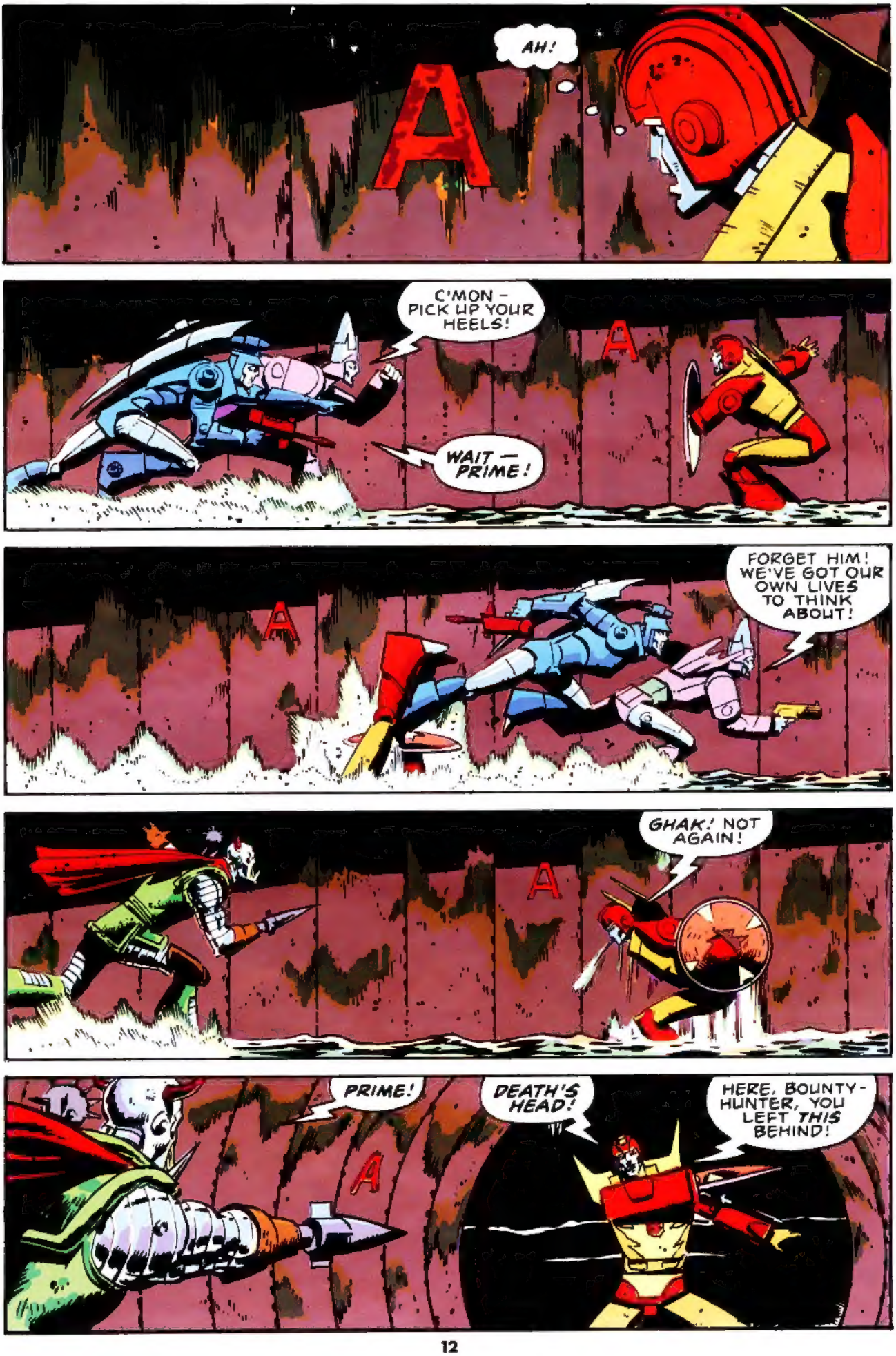

"WHAT THEN?!"
I DON'T SEE ANYONE.
THIS WAY. I HEARD SOMETHING MOVING.
CHUNK
THERE!
RIGHT - ON MY SIGNAL...
BLAST HIM!
KRAKAKAM
KROOM!
OKAY...
THAT MUST HAVE DONE THE JOB!
YEAH? SO WHERE IS HE?
HE MUST BE HERE - HE MUST! WHERE ARE YOU, PRIME?

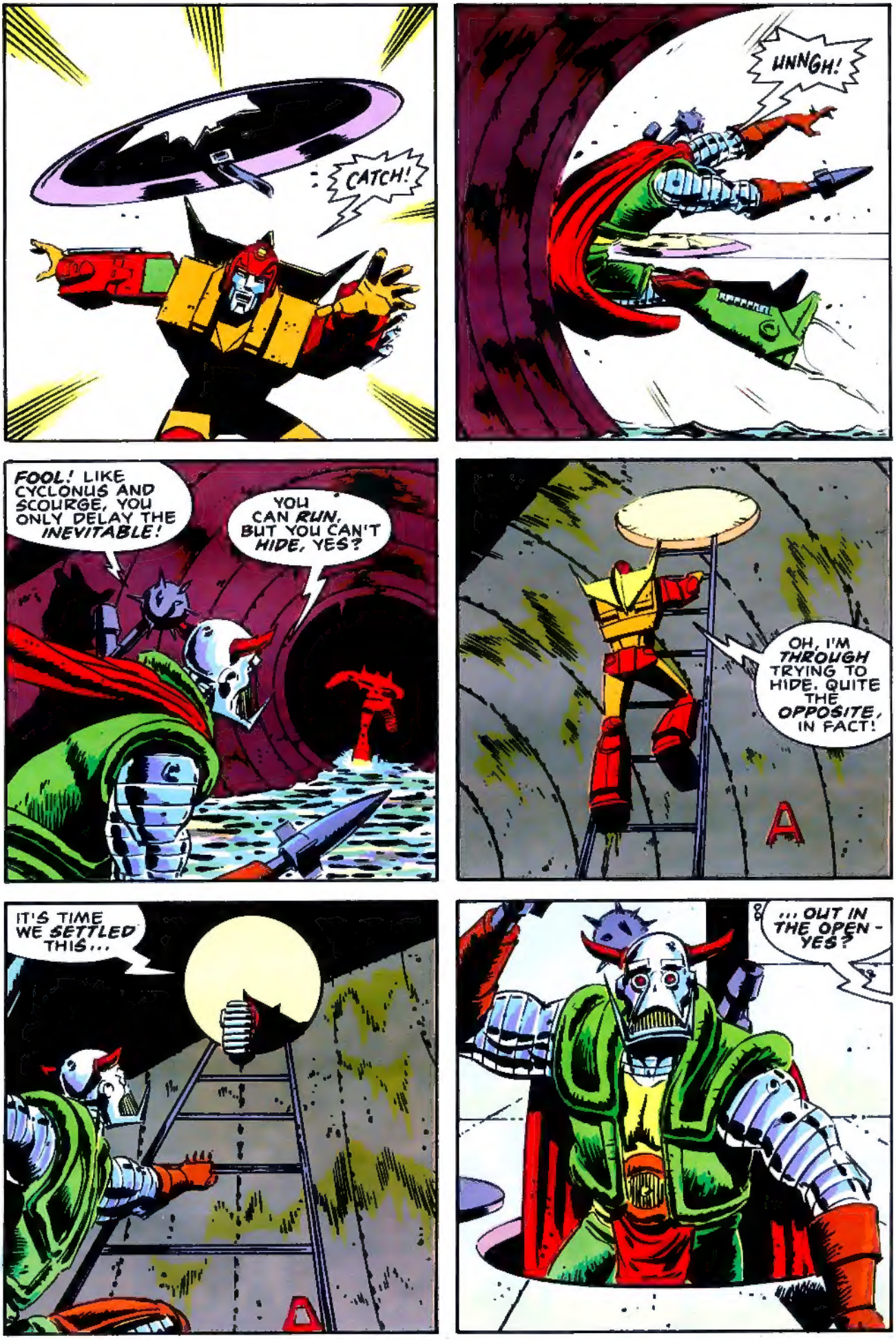
WE KNOW YOU'RE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!
C'MON, WE'RE WASTING TIME. MAYBE IT WASN'T PRIME, AFTER ALL.
LET'S GO!
MOMENTS LATER...
FWOOOSH
GUH!
CUHK! CUHK!
SPLLTCH!
GUHH... NOT THE HEALTHIEST OF HIDING PLACES, BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL ALIVE!
AND THAT'S THE WAY I HAVE TO STAY.
I CAN'T GIVE UP - I CAN'T JUST LAY DOWN AND DIE. NOT WHILE I CARRY THE CREATION MATRIX - THE AUTOBOTS' SACRED LIFE FORCE - WITHIN ME...
I AM PERHAPS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP THE DECEPTICONS - I HAVE TO LIVE!

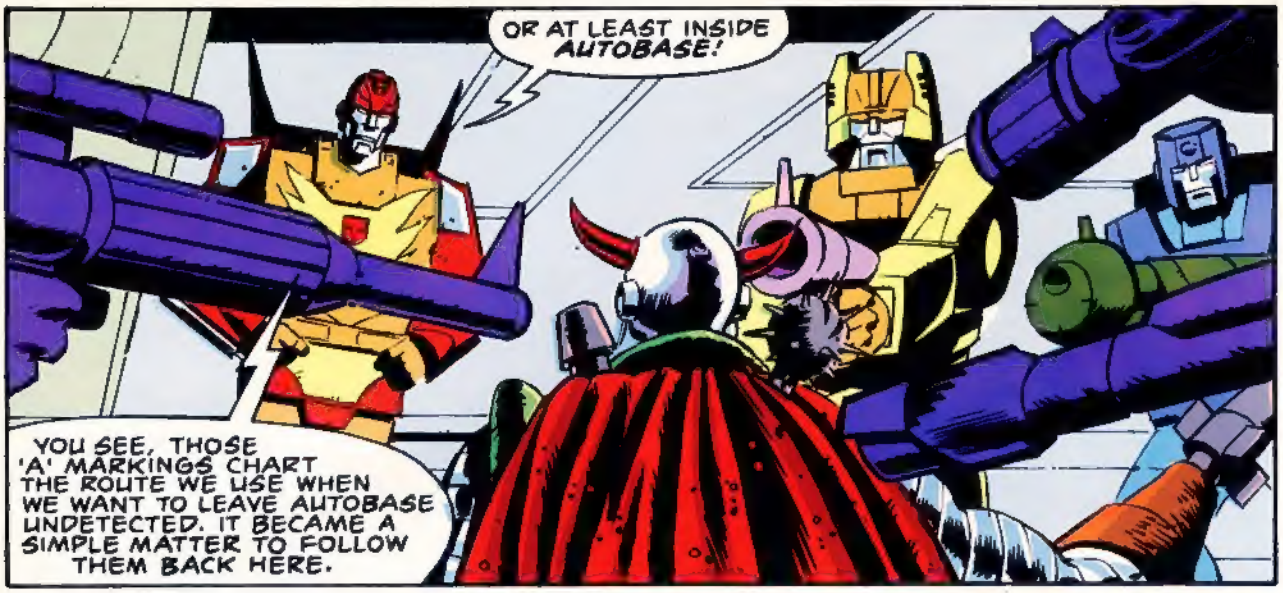
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

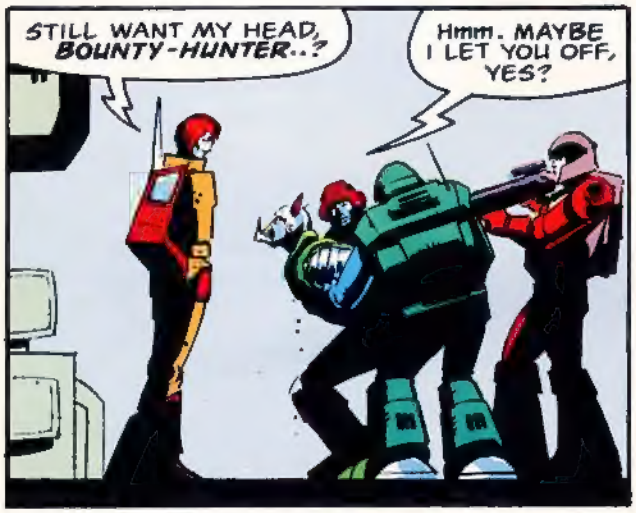
IF THE DECEPTICONS WIN THE WAR ON CYBERTRON, NOTHING WILL STOP THEM SPREADING THEIR EVIL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.
THAT MUST NEVER HAPPEN! INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL NOT PERISH BECAUSE I FAILED TO ACT.
NOW - IF I'M GONNA STAY ALIVE, I'LL NEED A WEAPON OF SOME SORT. IF I CAN FIND DEATH'S HEAD'S CORPSE, MAYBE I CAN MAKE USE OF —
STRANGE... I COULD'VE SWORN IT WAS ROUND HERE...
DON'T TELL ME HE JUST GOT UP AND...
NO...
HIS SHIELD! BUT NO BODY... I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS. FACE IT, PRIME —
HE'S ALIVE — I KNOW IT! PRIME'S STILL ALIVE, AND HE'S SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY!
HIM AND ME BOTH, YES?
SLOPPY. SHOULD'VE CHECKED, EH? MADE SURE. SHIELD TOOK THE BLAST, YES? IMPACT JUST STUNNED ME.


YOU INTERFERED! COST ME MY KILL, YES? POSSIBLY COST ME THE TEN THOUSAND SHANIX YOUR LEADER, SHOCKWAVE, PLACED ON PRIME'S HEAD, YES?
TRIED TO KILL ME - BOTCHED IT!
DEATH'S HEAD WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE!
BAM!
MOVE!
WE CAN'T FIGHT HIM DOWN HERE - HE'LL MURDER US!
HEH. LIKE IT WHEN THEY RUN. THE THRILL OF THE CHASE! MUCH MORE SATISFYING, YES?
UP AHEAD...
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I COULD BE WANDERING IN CIRCLES FOR ALL I KNOW!
HOW CAN ANYONE EXPECT TO FIND THEIR WAY...


AH!
A
C'MON – PICK UP YOUR HEELS!
WAIT — PRIME!
FORGET HIM! WE'VE GOT OUR OWN LIVES TO THINK ABOUT!
GHAK! NOT AGAIN!
PRIME!
DEATH'S HEAD!
HERE, BOUNTY-HUNTER, YOU LEFT THIS BEHIND!


CATCH!
UNNGH!
FOOL! LIKE CYCLONUS AND SCOURGE, YOU ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE!
YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE, YES?
OH, I'M THROUGH TRYING TO HIDE. QUITE THE OPPOSITE, IN FACT!
A
IT'S TIME WE SETTLED THIS...
... OUT IN THE OPEN - YES?


OR AT LEAST INSIDE AUTOBASE!
YOU SEE, THOSE 'A' MARKINGS CHART THE ROUTE WE USE WHEN WE WANT TO LEAVE AUTOBASE UNDETECTED. IT BECAME A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW THEM BACK HERE.


STILL WANT MY HEAD, BOUNTY-HUNTER..?
Hmm. MAYBE I LET YOU OFF, YES?

I'VE A BETTER IDEA. SEEMS WE'VE BOTH GOT SCORES TO SETTLE WITH CYCLONUS AND SCOURGE, SO I'LL MAKE YOU A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

HERE'S TEN THOUSAND SHANIX — IN ADVANCE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO EARN IT IS BRING ME THE HEADS OF SCOURGE AND CYCLONUS!
DO US BOTH A FAVOUR — YES?

DO SHOCKWAVE A FAVOUR TOO. MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE LET 'EM COME AFTER ME, EH..?
STILL - I ACCEPT. THOUGH I RARELY MIX THE TWO...

THIS PARTICULAR BIT OF BUSINESS...
WILL BE A PLEASURE!

NEXT: GRUDGE MATCH!